

68 ILLUSTRATED PAGES OF THE LAW VS. KILLERS

# THE CRIME MACHINE

50¢



JOHN MORGAN'S ROAST:  
"NO JAIL CAN HOLD ME!"

CAN A VICTIM HIDE FROM  
THE SAVAGE GUNS OF A

MAY  
1971

HIRED  
GUNMAN?

FOLLOW A TRAIL OF  
BLOOD FROM  
BULLETPROOF  
GANG!



THE EMPRESS OF CRIME!  
INCENDIARY KILLER!

# BOYS! MEN!



HERE ARE THE KIND OF TESTIMONIALS YOU WILL WANT TO WRITE AFTER YOU MASTER DYNAFLEX:

"I tried two other muscle toning systems before I tried Dynaflex. It really works and now I have the strength and muscle tone I always wanted. I can't praise Dynaflex enough."

"I never thought you can easily tone my muscles and make them so strong without long periods of exercise, or weight lifting. Dynaflex has truly amazed me."

"Every summer it seemed to be the same old story—I don't like to admit this but I was just a weak and maybe even a little and everybody at the beach would tell it a joke. But then with Mike Marvel's Great New Dynaflex Method that gives BIG MUSCLES INTO POWERHOUSES OF ACTION, I feel like a gladiator on the beach. I feel plenty of GLADIATOR POWER in my shoulders, back, arms, legs and torso, and I feel every inch the DYNAFLEX OF ACTION PACKED POWER IN EVERY MUSCLE IN MY BODY!"

MY SECRET NEW DYNAFLEX METHOD CAN GIVE YOU POWERFULLY TONED MUSCLES AND PUT FULL STRENGTH IN YOUR MUSCLES... MAKE THEM SO STRONG YOU WILL BE PROUD TO SHOW YOUR FRIENDS HOW FULL OF STRENGTH YOU ARE! IN JUST TEN MINUTES A DAY—WITH ABSOLUTELY NO WEIGHTS, NO BAR BELLS, NO FORMAL LONG EXERCISES AT ALL!! (MAKES GLADIATOR MUSCLES TO A GLADIATOR JOB)

"Yes if the girls laugh at you now when you try doing anything that requires strength—based on muscles—they will be amazed, astonished, with the strength and strong men things you will be able to do after you master the DYNAFLEX METHOD!! You will be so proud of the feats of strength you will be able to do, of the increased power in every one of your muscles!" says Mike Marvel, Master of toning and putting strength into muscles!

Full—do yourself a favor... To you muscles and see if they are as strong as you would like them to be. Can you lift as much as you really should be able to? Are you satisfied of your muscle strength? Because if so, no, I can increase your muscle tone, add strength to your muscles... improve your ability to develop your new found BIG MUSCLE STRENGTH enough to make you proud to go with less with delight of how strong you have become, of how easily you perform things that require muscle tone—though—indeed—that you never thought you had so just

## HIGH DYNAFLEX TONES MUSCLES AND INCREASES THE STRENGTH OF YOUR MUSCLES

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to watch how strong you have become, how you tone your muscles and filled them full of strength, and all the boys would be how you did it tell them about the miracle secret of Dynaflex (Complete instruction book and tape only \$1.95) included free a chapter on "SECRETS OF ATTRACTING GIRLS."

## MAIL NO-RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

Mike Marvel, Dept. 20 10 East 41st Street, New York NY 10017 pm 1501

D.K. Mike Marvel, enclosed is my \$1.95 book on your entire Dynaflex System in one book which includes a chapter on "SECRETS OF ATTRACTING GIRLS." I must agree that the Dynaflex Method has given me powerfully toned muscles, put full strength in my muscles, made me an strong that I can be proud to show my friends how strong I am.

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# THE CRIME MACHINE™

VOL. 1 NO. 2  
MAY 1971

## THE LINEUP



EMPRESS OF CRIME PAGE 10

**NAT GROVER**  
HERE! BACK WITH  
ANOTHER **COLD**  
**HARD LOOK** AT THE  
**CRIME MACHINE!**  
**NINE MORE HARD-**  
**HITTING CASE-**  
**HISTORIES OF**  
**THIEVES, ARSONISTS**  
**AND ORGANIZED**  
**HOODLUMS!... A**  
**TREMENDOUS**  
**CHALLENGE TO**  
**LAW AND ORDER.**



MASQUERADERS PAGE 32



LEECH MCCOY PAGE 32



EASY MONEY PAGE 39



HIREG GUNMEN PAGE 26



WAXIE GORDON PAGE 45



BULLET PROOF GANG PAGE 18



JUANITA PEREZ PAGE 38



NO JAIL FOR HIM PAGE 4



# NO JAIL COULD HOLD HIM!



BY THE TIME HE WAS TWENTY ONE, DANIEL PAUL MORGAN WAS ARIZONA'S PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE, AND THE STATE'S CHAMPION JAIL BREAKER!

THREE TIMES HE HAD CLEVERLY BLASTED HIS WAY TO FREEDOM! THIS IS THE STORY OF THE BRUTAL, GOLD-BLOODED DANNY'S LAST JAIL-BREAK, AND OF THE STRANGE PROMISE HE EXACTED IN RETURN FOR SPARING SIX LIVES! IT OPENS ON THE SIXTH FLOOR OF IOWA'S MOST MODERN, BEST-GUARDED PRISON...

SO YOU'RE THE FAMOUS DANNY MORGAN, EH? WELL, DEWEY, THIS IS ONE PRISON YOU WON'T BREAK OUT OF!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, GHUMP! THEY NEVER BUILT A JAIL YET THAT COULD HOLD ME!



THE ONLY WAY OUT OF HERE IS THROUGH THEM STEEL DOORS AND SIX FLOORS DOWN ON A LOCKED ELEVATOR... YOU PLANNING TO GROW WINGS AND FLY OUT?

I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING OFFER-ENT IN JAIL BREAKS, BUS. I GOT BRAINS ... SEE? BRAINS!

FOR WEEKS DANNY WAS A MODEL PRISONER. THEN, ONE DAY HE HAD A STRANGE VISITOR...

WARDEN! DANNY MORGAN'S KID BROTHER EDWARD IS A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER. HE CAME HERE TO REFORM HIM!

MY BROTHER ISN'T REALLY BAD. LET ME READ TO HIM FROM THE GOOD BOOK! I'M SURE I CAN CHANGE HIM!

ANY CHANGE IN DANIEL MORGAN WOULD BE THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD BUT NO HARM IN TRYING. LET ME CHECK ON YOUR REGORO...



EDWARD'S STORY WAS TRUE...DANNY'S KID BROTHER WAS A SHINING EXAMPLE OF GODD BHEVIR, AND GANNY'S FIRST REACTION TO HIS VISITOR WAS FAR FROM CORDIAL...



GET OUT, YOU LITTLE RAT! I DON'T WANT TO LISTEN TO THAT DRIVEL!

HOWEVER, EDWARD HAD PATIENCE...AFTER A WHILE, GANNY LISTENED INTENTLY AS HE READ, AND THEY HAD LONG, SERIOUS CONVERSATIONS...



MORGAN...GENTLE AS A LAMB! I WAS RIGHT ABOUT THAT JAIL BREAK. RELIGION IS GONNA MAKE HIM AN ANGEL...AND HE'LL FLY OUTTA HERE ON WINGS!



SOME WEEKS LATER...  
GOT AN INTERESTING BIBLE YARN TODAY, EDWARD?

NOT EXACTLY A YARN, SIR, BUT I HAVE GOT SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING IN HERE!



PUT 'EM UP, MISTER AN' GIVE ME THE KEYS TO GANNY'S CELL...QUICK!

WH-WHAT? THE BIBLE--- HOLLOWED OUT---AND A GUN HIDDEN INSIDE!



EDWARD HAD REALLY SET OUT TO REFORM HIS BROTHER...BUT THE CUNNING GANNY, KNOWING THAT THE KID HAD ALWAYS SECRETLY ADMIRER HIM, HAD CONVERTED EDWARD...

NOW AM I DOING, GANNY?

SWELL, KID! WE'RE GONNA GO PLACES TOGETHER. GET THAT PUNK'S ROD, AND WE'RE IN BUSINESS!



YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, MORGAN!

MAYBE I WON'T...BUT IF I DON'T, YOU WON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT, BECAUSE YOU'LL BE DEAD! KILLING YOU WOULDN'T MAKE ME CRY! GET THAT ELEVATOR, AND TAKE US DOWN TO THE BASEMENT!

DANNY HAD LEARNED THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE THAT THERE WAS AN UNGUARDED EXIT LEADING FROM THE BASEMENT, AND SOON...

LEAD THE WAY, COPPER. JUST WALK OUT AND LOOK NATURAL... LIKE YOU WAS ESCORTING ME TO A HEARING IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE.



AS PRISON SIRENS SCREAMED, AND RADIO MESSAGES FLASHED THE NEWS OF DANNY'S ESCAPE...

HEAD FOR VERSEY AVENUE, AND DOWN TO ROUTE 11. TURN OFF AT THE DIRT ROAD TO GOPHERSTOWN, AND WE'LL TAKE BACK ROADS FROM THERE TO 'FRISCO. TAKE IT EASY---NO MORE THAN TWENTY-FIVE MILES PER HOUR TILL I GIVE YOU THE WORD TO OPEN UP.



AT ROUTE 11...



PULL UP RIGHT ALONGSIDE OF HIM WHEN HE ASKS YOU TO STOP, LOOK SURPRISED. BUT NOT SCARED!

I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT THERE'S BEEN A JAIL BREAK, AND I'M CHECKING EVERY CAR THAT LEAVES TOWN!

KEEP THEM TWO COVERED... I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE COPPER!

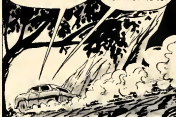


WELL, YOU JUST FOUND WHAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR! THAT OUGHTA MAKE YOU HAPPY. NOW, YOU -- STEP ON IT... HARD!



I TELL YOU, WE'LL CRACK UP! THIS CAR JUST CAN'T LAST DOING SEVENTY ON A ROAD LIKE THIS!

AND YOU CAN'T LAST WITH A BULLET IN YOUR HEAD! I'LL DECIDE HOW FAST WE GO!



OUTSIDE, THE GRIM TRIO WALKED ALONG THE STREET UNTIL DANNY'S SHARP EYE SPOTTED A MAN STARTING HIS CAR...



SIT TIGHT, BUSTER. YOU GOT A COUPLE OF PASSENGERS... IF YOU DON'T DO EXACTLY LIKE I SAY, THIS WAGON IS GONNA BE A HEARSE... AND YOU'LL BE THE GUEST OF HONOR!

BLOWOUT!  
I TOLD YOU.

NEVER MIND THE  
TALK... JUST  
KEEP HER UNDER  
CONTROL!



MOMENTS LATER...

HMM... YOU'RE RIGHT... WE'LL  
NEVER MAKE PRISGO IN THAT  
JUNK HEAR I'M GOING TO  
THAT FARMHOUSE, EDWARD,  
YOU FOLLOW, A LITTLE WAY  
BEHIND, WITH THEM TWO.



I HAD A FLAT DOWN  
THE ROAD, AND MY  
JACK DON'T WORK.  
I THOUGHT MAYBE...

GLAD TO HELP.  
WHY TILL I  
GET THE JACK  
OUTTA MY GAR...  
IN THE GARAGE  
OVER THERE!



JUST A SECOND  
WHILE I UNLOCK  
THE TRUNK, AND.

NEVER MIND. JUST HAND  
ME THE KEYS. THAT BUS  
IS JUST WHAT I WAS  
LOOKING FOR. **BRING THEM  
TWO PUNKS OVER HERE.**  
EDWARD!



SOON, INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE...

NO SENSE LEAVING YOU  
BEHIND TO YAP? I'LL GIVE  
YOU ONE MINUTE TO SAY  
YOUR PRAYERS!

NO... NO...  
PLEASE...  
MY WIFE'S  
EXPECTING A  
CHILO!



HMM... I TELL YOU...  
PROMISE TO NAME  
THAT KID AFTER ME IF  
IT'S A BOY, AND I'LL  
LET YOU LIVE!

I COULDN'T NAME MY  
SON AFTER SOMEONE  
WHO KILLED FIVE PEOPLE  
IN COLD BLOOD... BUT IF  
YOU DON'T SHOOT THEM  
EITHER...



OKAY, IT'S A DEAL. TIE  
THEM UP, EDWARD...  
GOOD AND TIGHT!

SURE,  
DANNY...  
SURE!



AUTHORITIES STILL HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT STRANGE QUIRK LED MORGAN TO SPARE SIX LIVES IN EXCHANGE FOR THAT STRANGE PROMISE! BUT LATER THAT DAY...

WHAT HAPPENED?  
HOLD-UP?

WORSE! DANNY MORGAN'S  
ESCAPING IN HIS CAR. GET  
THE POLICE, QUICK!



BY LATE AFTERNOON, EVERY ROAD LEADING TO SAN FRANCISCO WAS SWARMING WITH POLICE CARS, AND ON A LONELY STRETCH OF ROUTE 115...

RADIO PATROL RIGHT BEHIND  
US! SLOW DOWN! I'VE GOTTA  
GET THIS GUY WITH ONE SHOT!



GOT HIM-- BEFORE HE HAD  
A CHANCE TO RADIO A  
MESSAGE! NOW--SPEED  
IT UP, KID!



BUT SERGEANT DAVE ANTHON HAD ABOUT A MINUTE OF  
LIFE LEFT...AND HE USED THAT MINUTE!

CAPTAIN...MORGAN... GOT ME...  
ROUTE 115... ABOUT FOUR MILES  
SOUTH OF RINSON...I...I...

AGGGHHH!



NOT MUCH LATER...

DANNY --COPS COMING  
AT US FROM BOTH  
DIRECTIONS! WHA-  
WHAT'LL WE DO?

RUN THE CAR INTO  
THAT EMBANKMENT!  
WE'LL MAKE FOR  
THAT HILL.THERE'S  
LOW GROUND ALL  
AROUND IT!



DON'T BE SCARED, KID! THERE'S PLENTY OF  
COVER ONCE WE REACH THE TOP...AND WE  
HOLD THEM OFF FOR ABOUT AN HOUR,  
IT'LL BE DARK, AND WE'LL MAKE OUR  
GETAWAY THROUGH THE WOODS!





DANNY PLANNED LIKE A MASTER STRATEGIST!

IT'S LIKE KNOCKING OVER CLAY PIGEONS. THEN MONKEYS CAN'T GET A BEAD ON US, AND WE CAN SEE EVERY MOVE THEY MAKE!

I SURE HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, DANNY!



MEANWHILE...

IT'LL BE DARK SOON, AND WE'LL LOSE THEM! LET HIGGINS AND ME USE A STUNT I PICKED UP IN THE MARINES, AND TRY TO GET THEM FROM THE REAR!

GOOD IDEA! I'LL DISTRACT THEM WITH A BARRAGE OF MACHINE GUN FIRE...



IF THEY SPOT US, IT'S CURTAINS!

I'LL TAKE THAT CHANCE TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT COP-KILLER!



MINUTES LATER...

COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP! WE HAVE YOU COVERED!

DON'T LET 'EM TAKE YOU ALIVE, KID!



DON'T BE YELLOW KID! OPEN UP ON THE RATS! LET 'EM AARGH!

I SURRENDER D... DON'T SHOOT ME!



WITH THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER, ALL SIGNS OF REBELLION VANISHED FROM EDWARD.

I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME, PLEASE LET ME GO BACK TO MY SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING AGAIN... I DON'T WANT ANY MORE EXCITEMENT...



NATURALLY EDWARD'S REQUEST WASN'T GRANTED. BUT THE STORY ISN'T ENDED THERE. A TROUBLED MAN WORRIES ABOUT A PROMISE HE MADE!

I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO. IF NOT FOR THAT PROMISE, SIX PEOPLE WOULD HAVE DIED. I... I... JUST HOPE IT'S A GIRL!



END



FRANCINE O'CONNOR WAS A THROWBACK TO THE CAVES WOMAN! HER LIFE WAS A SERIES OF VIOLENT INCIDENTS! SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, AND POSSESSED FANTASTIC PHYSICAL STRENGTH WITH A CUNNING BRAIN! SHE DRENCHED THE PAGES OF CRIME WITH THE BLOOD OF HER VICTIMS, UNTIL AN AROUSED SOCIETY FINALLY TORE HER DOWN!

## FRANCINE O'CONNOR-- THE EMPRESS OF CRIME!

THE DOOR'S LOCKED!  
WE'VE TAKEN THE  
WRONG ROUTE!

YOU'LL STAY HERE AND  
LIKE IT! WE'RE KILLING  
THEM ALL!

I'M GETTING OUTTA HERE!  
I DON'T WANNA DIE!

CHARLIE FOLSON, MANAGER OF A TWO-BIT  
CARNIVAL NEAR A SMALL WESTERN TOWN,  
LOOKED AT THE TALL, BEAUTIFUL AMAZON  
WHO FACED HIM.

I KNEW YOU'D COME  
BACK, HONEY!

I'M NEVER GOING  
TO LEAVE HERE  
AGAIN!

THE AMAZON WAS FRANCINE O'CONNOR, THE CARNIVAL STRONG-  
WOMAN. HER EYES WERE BRIMMING WITH TEARS. WHAT HAD CAUSED  
THIS? LET US TURN BACK TO THE PAST--TO HER CHILDHOOD...

YOU MUST BE THE HOUSE,  
AN' I'LL BE--

FRED... THAT CHIL'D'S STRENGTH  
IS UNBELIEVABLE! I... IT'S NOT RIGHT,  
I TELL YOU! WE MUST HIDE IT!

AND HER PARENTS DID... FOR AWHILE. FRANGINE'S STRENGTH WAS ABNORMAL, EASILY BRINGING A STIGMA ON AN IMPRESSONABLE GIRL. ONE NIGHT, WHEN SHE WAS SIXTEEN...

THAT WAS A SWELL MOVIE GIRLS...

OKAY, BABES! HAND OVER YOUR PURSES!



EEEEEEEEEE

NO! I WON'T LET YOU!!

UGH!! OH!!



FRANGINE... H-HE'S NOT MOVING... 'Y-YOU'VE KILLED HIM'!

I ONLY WANTED HIM TO DROP HIS GUN! I-I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT HIM!



THE NEXT MORNING REPORTERS AND ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE CAME TO SEE HER. HER NAME BECAME PUBLIC... HER LIFE, A MESS...

WHY ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT ME? WHY MUST THEY TORTURE ME THIS WAY?



HER NEIGHBORS, BOYFRIENDS, TOTAL STRANGERS LOOKED AT HER ANEW! HERE WAS A NOVELTY... A GIRL OF ENORMOUS STRENGTH... SOMETHING TO BE ENVIED, MOCKED, HATED...

YAAH! COME ON FRANGIE, PLEASE... LEAVE LET'S FIGHT! HA, HA!



AND TWO YEARS WENT BY... THE SMALL COMMUNITY OSTRACIZED HER! SHE WAS ALMOST SIX FEET TALL, AND WEIGHED 160 POUNDS...

I'M A FREAK, MOTHER! WELL, IF THAT'S WHAT I AM... THEN I WANT TO GET PAID FOR IT!



AT FIRST THE O'CONNOR FAMILY WOULD NOT HEAR OF IT, BUT CONSTANT BICKERING FINALLY FORGED THEM TO YIELD...

NOW, YOU'RE SURE...? YES, POPS! IT'S BETTER THIS WAY! DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER!



FRANCINE BECAME THE BIGGEST DRAW IN THE CARNIVAL AS THE YEARS PASSED BY. SHE GREW MORE BEAUTIFUL, AND MORE STRONG...



... THEN ONE DAY, SHE DECIDED TO FACE THE OUTSIDE WORLD AGAIN...

I'M YOUNG... I WANT TO BE LIKE OTHERS, CHARLIE! I WANT MARRIAGE, A FAMILY!

GO AHEAD... BUT YOU'LL BE BACK!



SO SHE LEFT, CHANGED HER NAME, AND TOOK A CLERICAL POSITION. BUT HER STRENGTH COULDN'T BE HIDDEN FOR LONG...

WOW! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

LET'S SEE IF SHE CAN BEAT ME IN AN ARM-WRESTLE! HA, HA...



IT WAS THE SAME EVERYWHERE SHE WENT. HER CHILDHOOD HAD LEFT ITS MARK... AND NOW SHE WAS BACK...

WE'LL HAVE FIVE SPOTLIGHTS AND THREE BARKERS!

ANYTHING...



SHE WAS DIFFERENT NOW... GRIM, WITHDRAWN! THEN SHE MET ART FAROLA, ONE OF THE NEW ROUSTABOUTS THE FIRST MAN EVER TO SHOW HER KIND ATTENTION...

IT'LL BE A GINGH! DO IT FOR ME, BABY!

I... I DON'T KNOW, ART...



BUT FRANCINE WAS A GIRL IN LOVE, AND... ONE NIGHT ON THE EXPRESS HIGHWAY, WHERE A MOTORIST HAD PARKED FOR A MOMENT'S REST---

OKAY, BUD... HAND OVER YOUR WALLET! WHAT IS THIS? HELP! I'M BEING ROBBED!



HELP... M M P F F F... GAGGGHHH!

SHUT UP!

OKAY, BABY... THAT'S ENOUGH! WE'VE GOT WHAT WE WANT! HA, HA...



THEY BRANCHED OUT TO OTHER CRIMES, STORE THEFTS, LOFT ROBBERIES... UNTIL ONE DAY THEY WERE CAUGHT...

DROP THOSE GUNS, BOTH OF YOU!

WHO'S GONNA MAKE US, COPPERS? I'LL... AARGGH!

YOU KILLED HIM! YOU KILLED ART! I'LL MAKE YOU PAY!

GRAB HER, MEN! SHE'S AN ENTIRE ARMY!



FRANCINE O'CONNOR WAS GIVEN A TEN-YEAR SENTENCE AND SENT TO WOMEN'S PRISON, WHERE THE TOUGHEST FEMALE CRIMINALS WERE...

THERE'S THE GREEN PIGEON! LET'S TEACH HER WE'RE THE IMPORTANT ONES HERE!

OKAY! HEY, YOU LOOK UP WHEN WE TALK TO YOU! WHAT WE SAY GOES!



YOU AND WHO ELSE?



GRANDALL GOT FROM NOW ON SMACKED BY I'LL DO THE THE NEW FISH! BOSSING! SAY, SHE'S GOOD!

YOU'LL BOSS NO ONE, O'CONNOR! GET TO WORK!



BUT WITHIN SIX MONTHS, FRANCINE WAS RULING THE INMATES WITH HER IRON FISTS...

HERE YOU ARE, DEARIE! PSSST... GRANDALL'S HOLDING OUT ON YOU! SHE IS, EM? SHE'LL LEARN TO GIVE ME HER QUOTA OF CIGARETTES LIKE THE OTHERS!



SHE WAS COMPLETELY COOPERATIVE AND OBEDIENT WITH THE PRISON OFFICIALS, HOWEVER, AND SOON BECAME A TRUSTY IN THE FILE ROOM.

ELLIS, EVELYN... ARMED ROBBERY, ELKINS, ROBERTA... ASSAULT, ELSWORTH, DOROTHY... MURDER...

ALL RIGHT, O'CONNOR. THAT'S ENOUGH CATALOGUING FOR TODAY!



...BUT WILL IT WORK?

WHEN I SAY IT WILL, IT WILL, STUPID

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF THESE GORILLAS BRINGING ME HERE? OH, IT'S YOU. YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN'...!

SHUT UP, AND LISTEN...!

YOU'RE OUT NOW, AREN'T YOU?  
AND IF I DIDN'T MAKE IT, YOU  
WOULDN'T BE GETTING THIS  
BREAK! I NEED YOU...  
NEED YOUR SKILL  
WITH A GUN. I'LL  
PAY YOU WELL...  
A *GRAND* A JOB...

A...A *GRAND*?  
S...SURE! BUT  
WHAT'S THE  
DEAL

FRANCINE HAD ORGANIZED A GANG! SHE HAD PICKED EACH CRIMINAL EXPERT FROM THOSE FILES IN PRISON...AND MORE! EACH TIME A DESIRED INMATE WAS DISCHARGED, SHE WAS WELCOMED INTO A GROWING MEMBERSHIP OF KILLERS--**FEMALE KILLERS!**



OKAY, GIRLS! GOT EVERYTHING?

YEAH! LET'S GO!



HELP! THEY'VE ROBBED MY ESTABLISHMENT! OOOHH!

THAT'LL SHUT YOU UP! GET GOING!



AND IF PEOPLE THOUGHT GIRLS COULDN'T BE AS VICIOUS AS MALE HOODLUMS THEY WERE VERY MUCH MISTAKEN...



THE DANGEROUS AMAZON NOW MOVED HER OPERATIONS TO THE BIG CITIES AND CROWDED IN ON THE POWERFUL RACKETEERS.

THAT'S MY OFFER, YOU'RE NUTS! DUKE! TAKE IT MY BOYS OR LEAVE IT! WOULD KNOCK YOU OFF IF YOU TRIED TO HORN IN!



YOU'RE BETTER OFF BEING MY FRAIL! MY FRAIL! OWWW!

I'M NOBODY'S GIRL NOW I'M TELLING YOU... EITHER YOU CUT ME IN OR... ELSE...



WHY, YOU...!

DON'T TRY IT! I'D BREAK YOUR NECK WITH ONE SQUEEZE... BUT IN CASE I DON'T, MY GIRLS WOULD FINISH YOU! NOW TELL YOUR PALS TO COME ACROSS!!



SO THE "WEAKER SEX" CAME INTO THE FOLD, AND FRANCINE O'CONNOR BECAME **EMPRESS OF CRIME!**



TWO YEARS LATER SAW O'CONNOR AND CO STILL ON TOP! BUT SOMETHING WAS DESTINED TO GIVE...

SOMEONE SQUEALED ABOUT YOUR BEING A JAILBIRD! THE COPS ARE OUTSIDE... GRAB THOSE FILES... AND FOLLOW ME!



FRANCINE WAS WELL-PREPARED FOR SUCH AN EMERGENCY. SHE RACED THROUGH A SEWER OUTLET TO HER GET-AWAY CAR, BUT FATE HAD ANOTHER PLAN...

HURRY...THEY'RE GAINING ON US! PUFF...PUFF... **HALT...OR WE'LL FIRE!** FIRE, AND BE HANGED!



FRANCINE...IT'S LOCKED! WE'VE TAKEN THE WRONG WAY!

WHAT? IT CAN'T BE! HERE...LET ME TRY IT! UGHNNNN!



I'M GOING BACK! I...I DON'T WANNA DIE!



H...NO! DON'T SHOOT! Y-A-A-A-A-N!



HERE...GIVE ME THAT TYPEWRITER!



I WANT TO SEE MY LAWYER!



SISTER, WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU WON'T NEED A LAWYER!



FRANCINE O'CONNOR WAS RE-SENTENCED AND EXECUTED THREE MONTHS LATER! THUS ENDED ONE OF THE STRANGEST CRIME CAREERS ON RECORD... ANOTHER THRILLING ACCOUNT FROM THE FILES OF... **CRIME MACHINE!**



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## What does it mean when someone can

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# CHARLIE LUPETTI AND HIS BULLET-PROOF GANG

CHARLIE LUPETTI WAS A BRILLIANT AND CUNNING CRIMINAL. BUT ONCE THE LAW HAD THUMBED DOWN ON HIM, HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT HE COULDN'T GET THE UPPER HAND. HOWEVER, LUPETTI WAS A GUY WHO NEVER KNEW WHEN TO STOP--AND THIS TIME HE BIT OFF MORE THAN HE COULD CHEW!

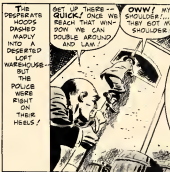


THE YEAR WAS 1938, IN A LARGE EASTERN CITY, STREAKING DOWN A NARROW BACKSTREET WAS A LARGE LIMOUSINE PURSUED BY THE GEM POLICE!



I'M GOING AS FAST AS I CAN, BOSS! I GOT MY FOOT ON THE FLOORBOARDS!







AIEEE! COME ON, BOSS! COME ON! LET 'EM GO! LET'S SCRAM WHILE WE CAN!

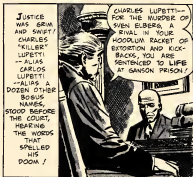


ARE YOU COMING DOWN QUIETLY, LUPETTI--OR DO WE MAKE THIS THE LAST BUST?

A-ALL RIGHT! 3-I'M THROUGH, I GUESS! 1 GIVE UP!



THE NEWS FLASHED OVER THE ENTIRE NATION! CHARLIE LUPETTI, PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1--BOSS OF THE SLUMS' KILLER GANG, HAD BEEN CAPTURED ALIVE!



JUSTICE WAS GRIM AND SWIFT! CHARLES "KILLER" LUPETTI--ALIAS CARLOS LUPETTI--ALIAS A DOZEN OTHER BOBOS NAMES, STOOD BEFORE THE COURT, HEARING THE WORDS THAT SPELLED HIS DOOM!

CHARLES LUPETTI--FOR THE MURDER OF SVEN ELBERG, A RIVAL IN YOUR HOODLUM RACKET OF EXTORTION AND KICK-BACKS, YOU ARE SENTENCED TO LIFE AT GANSON PRISON!



AND A WEEK LATER, THE COUNTRY'S WORST CRIMINAL SINCE JOHN DILLINGER WALKED INTO THE PRISON DEJECTED AND FORGOTTEN. CHARLES LUPETTI WAS THROUGH!

HE'S ALL YOURS NOW! THIS IS THE END OF THE ROAD!



AND IN A FARMHOUSE MANY MILES AWAY...

WE'LL NEVER GET OUT NOW! NOBODY--BUT NOBODY COULD BREAK OUT OF THAT HOLE!

I TOLD YA WE SHOULD HAVE WAITED FOR HIM! IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO CHICKEN DA BOSS'D BE HERE WIT' US TODAY!



WHO YOU CALLIN' CHICKEN? WHY, YOU, I'LL--

HOLD IT! DON'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER! FIGHTING AMONG OURSELVES AIN'T GONNA SOLVE ANYTHING! CHARLIE IS IN STIR NOW, SO WE GOTTA FERGET HIM! I GOT OTHER PLANS!

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'! I'M WITH YA, BREB!

GREG FELUCCI HAD NOT BEEN LUPETTI'S SECOND-IN-COMMAND FOR NOTHING! THE GANG LOST NO TIME IN CASHING IN ON THEIR RACKETS!

HELLO, GUYS! LONG TIME NO SEE! WE BEEN WONDERIN' WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR DUES!

YEAH! YOU OWE US ABOUT THREE GRAND, ALL TOLD!

BEAT IT! WE DON'T WANT CROOKS AROUND HERE ANY MORE! WE BEEN PAYIN' YOU LEECHES LONG ENOUGH!

YEAH! GET OUTTA HERE OR WE'LL THROW YOU OUT!

GO BACK IN YOUR HOLES!



ARGGH!

YOU SHOT FRANK! YOU DIRTY NO-GOOD RATS SHOT MY BOY! I'LL--UNH!

TOUGH GUYS, EH? OKAY-- YOU ASKED FOR IT!



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT, GREG! IT'S MURDER NOW! CHARLIE MIGHTN'T HAVE DONE IT LIKE THAT! THEY CAN TESTIFY AGAINST US IN COURT!

AW, SHUT YER TRAP! I'M NOT CHARLIE! COME ON, RUN!



THE PANICKY KILLERS AGAIN HOLED UP IN THEIR HIDEOUT, WAITING FOR THE HEAT TO DIE DOWN! THREE WEEKS PASSED...

ANY NEWS IN THE PAPERS, GREG? ARE THE COPPERS WISE TO US YET?

YEAH--BUT THEY DON'T KNOW WHERE TO FIND US! WE SURE LOUSED THAT ONE UP PRETTY BAD! I GUESS I LOST MY HEAD!



BUT I'VE GOT ANOTHER ACE UP MY SLEEVE! THE BOSS USED TO DEAL IN DOPE! AND I KNOW JUST WHO TO SEE! NOW, HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO...



A FEW NIGHTS LATER, GREG FELUCCI AND THE REST MADE AN APPOINTMENT WITH AN OLD CAPTAIN OF A SLOWBOAT...

I DON'T CARE WHO YOU'RE PALS OF! I DON'T DO BUSINESS WITH STRANGERS!

BUT I JUST GOT THROUGH TELLING YA' WE'RE CHARLIE LUPETTI'S BOYS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YA? DON'T YOU LIKE MONEY?



SURE I DO--BUT YOU PUNKS AINT GOT THE SNAP YOUR BOSS USED TO HAVE--AND YOU DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY EITHER! NO GREEN STUFF, NO POWDER!

YOU OLD DONT! THIS IS WHERE YOU GET YOURS! GIVE IT TO HIM, BOYS!



WIT! PLEASURE!

N-NO, DON'T! I'LL GET SOME POWDER FOR YOU! I-I'LL--ARRGGGHH!



HE DON'T CARRY ANY ON HIM--AN' HE SURE DON'T HAVE ANY JUNK IN THIS OL' CRATE!

EVERYTHINGS GOING WRONGS! OUR LUCK DON'T HOLD UNLESS THE BOSS IS AROUND! COME ON-- BEFORE THE BULLS GET HERE!



AGAIN THE CLUMSY, DUMB MOB-STERS RETIRED TO THEIR HIDEOUT TO LICK THEIR WOUNDED VANITY, BUT THIS TIME GREG FELUCCI HAD A REAL IDEA!

JOEY--WASN'T YOUR OLD MAN A TAILOR? D'YA THINK YA COULD SEW A FEW SUITS THE WAY I WANT YA TO? AN' DYE 'EM BLUE? YEAH--I GUESS I CAN... SO WHAT?



WE'RE NO GOOD WITHOUT CHARLIE! OKAY--SO WE GO AFTER HIM WHERE HE IS! WE'LL GET IN AS PRISON GUARDS! GOT IT?



YEAH! IT'LL BE THE BREAK OF THE CENTURY!

IN THE FOLLOWING MONTH, CHARLIE LUPETTI'S LETTERS FROM "HOME" BECAME MORE DETAILED...

"AND YOUR COUSIN JOE SENDS HIS REGARDS...HE'LL GO TO THE DOCTOR'S AT EIGHT O'CLOCK MONDAY... HMMM...GREG AN' THE BOYS BEEN WORKIN' OVERTIME!"





ALL RIGHT OR ELSE!  
THEY SEE YOU'RE  
BROODER TO LET  
HAND TO YOUR  
AND WAVE YOUR  
HOLD IT TIGHT!  
GET INSIDE--QUICK!

HEY--WHERE DID  
YOU GET THAT  
SECOND IT LOOKS  
LIKE ONE OF OUR  
CARS! I'LL  
UP!



OHAY! GET SET!  
HERE HE COMES!

THE PERSON  
APPROACHED  
A PERSON  
THE MORNING  
O'CLOCK IN  
AT EIGHT  
MORNING  
THAT  
ESCAPE!  
FOR HIS  
THE PLANS  
FORMED  
LUBRIFI  
SAVES  
TO HIS  
THE PERSON  
OUT OF  
SMUGGLED  
INFORMATION  
WITH



ONE OF  
THE  
GUESS!  
WILL COME ON IN  
HERE  
DON'T WORRY, MAY

WILL COME ON IN  
HERE  
DON'T WORRY, MAY



JUST  
THAT SILENCER  
I HOPE THESE BULLET-  
PROOF VESTS WORK  
AS WELL!  
THAT'S  
SURE WORK, KREE!  
I HOPE THESE BULLET-  
PROOF VESTS WORK  
AS WELL!



THE HELPLESS MAN DID AS HE  
WAS TOLD GIVING THE SIGNAL TO  
OPEN THE GATE. THE SECOND  
ROLLED THROUGH--THE RANTASTIC  
SCHEME WAS HALF-ACCOMPLISHED.

HA, HA, I TOLD YOU  
IF WE PAINTED THIS DO YOU  
JOB JUST LIKE  
WANT WHAT  
ARE YOU  
GOING TO  
DO WITH  
HIS?



HEY, HOW  
ABOUT US?  
LET US  
OUTTA  
HERE!

HA, HA!  
IN NO TIME!  
ON THIS CAN  
WELL BE OUT  
LEAH, BOSS!

I SAID!  
OUTSIDE LIKE  
THE CAR RIPPED  
GOOD WORK, BOY!



OKAY--HERE'S  
THE KEYS!

ARRRHH!  
IN THERE--  
YOU CANT GO

SECONDS LATER, THE ENTIRE GANG HAD REACHED THE COURTYARD! THEY BEGAN TO WALK QUICKLY TO THE CAR, BUT WALL GUARDS HAD SPOTTED THEM...



HOW COULD SLUG GOT HIT? I THOUGHT YOU GUYS HAD ON BULLET-PROOF VESTS?

HE TOOK HIS OFF-- SAID IT WAS TOO HEAVY, THE GREEP! WELL--HE GOT IT!



TURN DOWN THIS ROAD, GREG-- AN' HEAD FOR OPEN COUNTRY-- THEY'LL BE AFTER US IN SECONDS!



GREG'S DEAD! HE'S WEDGED IN AT THE WHEEL! STOP HIM--FOR THE LUVVA PETE-- STOP HIM!



THUS ENDED THE FANTASTIC PRISON BREAK OF CHARLIE LUPETTI AND HIS PALS! THEY HAD PREPARED THE GLENCER, BULLET-PROOF VESTS--EVERYTHING! BUT THEY HADN'T RECKONED WITH IRONIC, MOCKING FATE!



## THE CORPSE IN THE LAKE!

The sanitation man whistled softly to himself as he walked around the shores of the lake, clearing it of refuse and driftwood. Then he stopped whistling and his eyes clouded in annoyance. A wooden barrel lay on the sandy lake shore. It was too large to carry while he completed his task—he would have to make two trips, now! Grumbling, he kicked at the barrel with his foot.

Then he gasped in horror, because the water-soaked cask fell apart to reveal part of a human female torso! Terrified, the old man hurried away to fetch the police.

Inspector Daniel Harmon of the Los Angeles police force was troubled by the case. He and his staff of crime experts sat up late that night, examining minutely every bit of the meager evidence at their disposal. The body had been dissected crudely. What the police had was the lower part of the corpse. The barrel into which it had been stuffed was of a type commonly used for many purposes. But the sharp eyes of Detective-Sergeant William Jameson noticed that the ordinary-looking wire which had been wrapped around the barrel to keep the corpse enclosed was stamped with a serial number.

A check with the leading manufacturer of wire in the Los Angeles region disclosed that the number was the dealer's serial, and that the wire had been sold by them to a

hardware store on Ravelon Street.

The Ravelon Street hardware dealer recalled having sold a quantity of the wire to a heavy-set, excited man with thick, bushy eyebrows, on the previous week. Harmon felt interested; the coroner had estimated that the girl had been killed five days before the discovery of the body. This, the police officer felt, might be a good lead! But it led him only to a blank wall.

All the hardware man knew of his customer was that he had been bushy-browed and excited. He had never seen him before or since.

"I could identify him in a minute if I ever catch sight of him again," the shopkeeper said. But Harmon turned away, discouraged.



He had to wait a full week before his next break presented itself. Neighbors of a lovely young voice student notified the police department that 22-year-old Josephine Dumas was missing from her Hollywood apartment.

And this time, when Harmon showed a search warrant to the building superintendant and was shown into Josephine Dumas' apartment, he struck pay dirt! Blood spotted the parlour rugs, and a trail of blood led to a closet which

contained a goxy dressing gown. Everything pointed to the fact that the murdered girl had been identified. But one big question remained unanswered.

Who had killed her?

Again Detective Jameson supplied a vital lead. "The murderer dismembered her body," he said. "We've been unable to find anything else in the lake. Probably he hid different sections of the body in different places, so that the body would be hard to identify. Therefore, now that we have the identity of the girl established, we have to sift through the list of acquaintances who might possibly have killed her."

Inspector Harmon agreed. The next two weeks were spent in questioning friends and fellow students of Josephine Dumas. Finally, one of the girls questioned volunteered that Josephine had been secretly meeting Charlie Kelly, a young groundkeeper at the music school she attended.

That night police officers were at the apartment of Charles Kelly when he came home. They were prepared to take him in for questioning, but questioning proved to be unnecessary. Kelly was drunk, and when he saw the detectives he smiled.

"I've been wondering when you'd come for me," he said. "I'm glad it's over." He admitted to the drunken killing of Josephine, and showed the authorities where he had hidden the rest of the corpse in an old quarry.

State psychiatrists ruled him insane, and he is now confined in a California State Hospital for the Mentally Ill.

IN THE UNDERWORLD THERE ARE FEW CUSTOMS WEIRDER THAN THE NICKNAMING OF ITS MOST INFAMOUS MEMBERS. THOUGH THE ORDINARY CITIZEN MAY LAUGH AT SUCH QUEER NAMES, THE POLICE OFFICER FREQUENTLY FINDS THEM HELPFUL IN TRACKING DOWN HIS MAN. LOU SAVATTO IS A GOOD EXAMPLE--HIS NICKNAME BROUGHT HIM WRETCHEDNESS AND DEATH!

**LOU "LIMPY"  
SAVATTO**

# HIRED GUNMAN



SOME CRIMINALS LIKE TO TELL NOW THEY "NEVER GOT A CHANCE" TO MAKE GOOD. LOU SAVATTO, ALTHOUGH A CRIPPLE, HAD ALL THE CHANCES IN THE WORLD...



I'LL FIX YOU!

HERE! STOP THAT!



HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO START FIGHTS WITH YOUR BROTHER? YOU'RE ALWAYS USING YOUR LIMP AS A REASON FOR PICKING ON HIM!

OWWW!

SMACK!

PERHAPS LOU DID HAVE CAUSE TO BE BITTER. HIS FATHER CLEARLY DISLIKED HIM, AND THE NEIGHBORHOOD BOYS MADE FUN OF HIM...



AFTER HIS FATHER HAD DIED AND HIS BROTHER HAD MARRIED, LOU BECAME MORE WITHDRAWN...



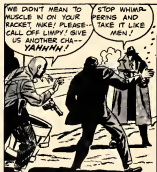
LOU DECIDED HE WOULD PREY ON SOCIETY INSTEAD OF ADAPTING HIMSELF TO IT. ON JULY 19, 1928, HIS CRIMINAL CAREER STARTED!



THE LAW CLOSED IN ON LOU SAVATTO IMMEDIATELY, AND HE WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE. IN PRISON, HIS TRUE REASON FOR NOT ADAPTING HIMSELF TO SOCIETY CAME OUT...



SAYATTO  
STUCK TO  
HIS WORD.  
HE  
DISAPPEARED,  
ONLY  
TO RE-  
APPEAR  
ONE  
YEAR LATER  
AS A  
TRIGGERMAN  
AND SOON  
EXTRAORDINARY FOR  
MIKE  
BUERBAR--  
RACKETEER  
BEER-  
BARON...



MIKE BUERBAR WAS IN A DYING BUSINESS. THAT IS, ONE DAY, HE AND HIS MOB GOT A DOZEN GLUSS THROUGH THEM, BUT LOU HAD ESCAPED AND WAS STILL IN THE ASSASSINATING RACKET!...



AND THE MURDER BUSINESS WAS GOOD--SOMEONE WAS ALWAYS WANTING SOMEONE ELSE TO BE ELIMINATED. LOU SAVATTO HAD NOW FOUND HIS CALLING--THAT OF HIRED MURDERER!



TWO YEARS OF HIRED KILLING BROUGHT HIM A REPUTATION IN THE UNDERWORLD. HE NOW SPECIALIZED ONLY IN BIG MURDERS. HE EVEN SET UP AN OFFICE!



VINCE DANIELS' DEATH STIRRED UP A HORNET'S NEST IN THE UNDERWORLD, AND A VICIOUS WAR WAS DECLARED ON MONK SULLIVAN AND HIS MOB...



IT WAS JUST THREE WEEKS AFTER DANIELS' DEATH THAT SAVATTO DECIDED IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF HE LEFT TOWN...

IS THIS ALL BOSS?

YEAH! COME ON-- WE HAFTA GET OUTTA HERE FAST!



HOLD IT, LIMPY! YOU AIN' GOING ANYPLACE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHAT DO WE WANT, HE SAYS! HA! SHOW EM, MOSPY!

WIT PLEASURE!

WATCH IT, JOEY!



Yuhuh!

YOU DIRTY RATS! LET'S SEE YA GET ME!



IF I CAN ONLY MAKE IT OUT THE BACK WAY... I GOTTA MOVE FAST... MY FOOT... UNHH! NOT FAST ENOUGH...!

THAT'S FER VINCE, CHUMP!

AND WHEN THE SMOKE HAD CLEARED, LIMPY LOU SAVATTO LAY IN A POOL OF HIS OWN GORE--ONE DEAD MURDERER--BETRAYED BY HIS OWN GREED FOR BLOOD MONEY--BETRAYED BY THE THING THAT HAD EARNED HIM HIS NICKNAME--HIS POOR, TWISTED, FOOT!



**IT'S JUST  
ONE GREAT  
NIGHTMARE  
AFTER ANOTHER!**

**WITH THE MOST  
POPULAR ARTISTS  
AND WRITERS IN  
ISSUE AFTER ISSUE!**



**COMING YOUR WAY...**

**THE MOST POWERFUL  
ISSUE OF ITS KIND!**

**PSYCHO**

**MAY 1971**

**FEATURING THE  
HORROR and PATHOS  
OF**

**FRANKENSTEIN**

**And  
THE HEAP!**

**WITH OTHER SPINE-TINGLING  
TALES OF CHILLING TERROR!**





AN ALL AROUND RAT, THIEF, ARSONIST AND KILLER, LEECH MCCOY MADE A SPECIALTY OF BURNING AND BOMBING FOR PROFIT. ON THE WANTED LIST OF EVERY ENFORCEMENT AGENCY HE LED A RECKLESS AND BRUTAL CAREER UNTIL STOPPED BY THE GUNS OF THE LAW...



## LEECH MCCOY... INCENDIARY KILLER!

MARCH, 1937. OUTSIDE LOOMIS, ILLINOIS, LEECH MCCOY MEETS WITH A GANG LEADER...

MCCOY, I GOT A JOB FOR YOU, BUT I AIN'T TALKIN' IN FRONT OF NO DAME!

SHE'S ALL RIGHT, LOUIE! DOES ALL MY DRIVING... BABY, MEET LOUIE GASSO!



I WANT REVENGE ON TWO GUYS! THEY BOTH GOT NICE HOUSES, AND THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN... FOR FIVE GRAND!

YOU WANT ME TO SET A TORCH TO THOSE HOUSES? I'M YOUR MAN!





THREE NIGHTS LATER McGOY GOES TO WORK.

THIS'LL MAKE SOME FIRE! I SURE WISH I COULD STAY AROUND AND SEE IT.



LOOK AT HER GO! THEY AREN'T GOIN' TO PUT THIS OUT IN A HURRY. I BETTER BEAT IT BEFORE I'M TRAPPED.



MINUTES LATER...

EEEEEE!  
HELP!  
HELP!

LISTEN TO 'EM YELL, BABY. IF WE COULD ONLY STAY AN' WATCH!

LEECH, YOU MUST BE MAD!



A WEEK LATER, McGOY GOES TO WORK ON THE SECOND HOUSE... THE GUY THAT PLANNED THIS HOUSE MUST HAVE FIGURED ON BOMBIN' IT. WHAT A SPOT TO PLANT THE STUFF! SHE'LL GO SKY HIGH!



OKAY, BABY, GET ROLLIN'! THESE BOMBS AIN'T PREDICTABLE!

DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT STAYIN'...



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...



THE NEXT DAY THE POLICE LAUNCHED AN INTENSIVE INVESTIGATION...

...WELL, I SAW THIS MAN AN' GIRL COMING FROM GASSO'S PLACE, THEN I SAW THEM SPEED AWAY FROM THAT FIRE.

GO OVER THE PICTURES IN THE ROGUE'S GALLERY, AND SEE IF YOU CAN RECOGNIZE THIS CHARACTER!



AFTER HOURS OF PORING OVER PICTURES OF CRIMINALS...

THIS IS THE ONE! I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE!

GOOD! THIS BEGINS TO MAKE SENSE! THAT'S LEECH MCCOY! THE F.B.I. WANTS HIM FOR ARSON, RIGHT NOW!



INSIDE...

OKAY, LOUIE, YOU GOT A FIRST CLASS JOB. GET IT UP... THAT'S MY HORN! THERE'S TROUBLE!

THE COPS! OUT THROUGH THE BACK!



THERE THEY GO! OVER THE WALL!

THERE'S ONE THAT ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE!

AHHNN!



POLICE PUT THE AREA AROUND GASSO'S JOINT UNDER SURVEILLANCE. THREE DAYS LATER, MCCOY COMES TO GET THE \$5,000...

TAKE CARE OF THE GIRL... DON'T LET HER USE THE HORN TO WARN MCCOY!

OKAY, SISTER, GET OUT! QUIT BLASTIN' THAT HORN!



OVER THE WALL! WE CAN GET LOST IN THE ALLEYS!

HOW DID THEY EVER FIND OUT?



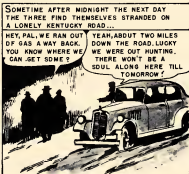
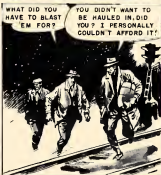
A WIDESPREAD ALARM FOR MCCOY IS SENT OUT, BUT HE MANAGES TO DISAPPEAR! THEN SIX WEEKS LATER, IN A LOUISVILLE FREIGHT YARD...

ALL RIGHT, YOU BUMS, GET DOWN!

LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT A GUN!

YOU AIN'T TAKIN' ME IN!





I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE MEN. ONE OF THEM HAD A GUN IN HIS POCKET ON US ALL THE TIME WE TALKED!

WE'D BETTER CHECK ON THEM!



A FEW MILES UP THE ROAD... DID YOU NOTICE THE OTHER TWO HUNG BACK IN THE SHADOWS?

YEAH, AND THE WAY THE FIRST ONE CLUTCHED THAT PACKAGE! THERE'S THEIR CAR NOW-- A CADDIE!



LOOK, A DOCTOR'S BAG! NONE OF 'EM IS A DOC-- I'M SURE!

I'LL BET THEY STOLE IT! LET'S RIDE IN AND TELL THE SHERIFF! HE'LL HAVE A RECORD OF THE LICENSE PLATE!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS... WE WERE KIND OF WORRIED, SAM. SO WE THOUGHT...

YOU WERE RIGHT! THAT CAR IS THE ONE THAT WAS HI-JACKED AT THE LOUISVILLE FREIGHT YARD YESTERDAY. WHERE DID YOU SAY THE CAR WAS?



ON CLEMENT ROAD, NEAR GOWER FARM!

SOOO! JOE, ROUND UP A POSSE! WE'RE GOIN' AFTER THOSE THUGS!... HOW WOULD YOU BOYS LIKE TO BE SWORN IN AS DEPUTIES?



A HALF HOUR LATER ON CLEMENT ROAD AS THE THREE PLOD BACK TO THEIR CAR WITH GAS...

DON'T SLOW DOWN, JOE, GO RIGHT BY 'EM!

LOOK! THE LEADER IS CARRYIN' A GUN! I KNEW IT!



THREE QUARTERS OF A MILE FURTHER UP THE ROAD... TURN THE CAR SO THAT IT FACES THEN, JOE, THEN TURN OUT THE LIGHTS. STAY BEHIND THE WHEEL, AN' WHEN YOU SEE 'EM COMING, TURN 'EM ON!

WHAT A SPOT FOR AN AMBUSH. THE STOLEN CAR IS ABOUT TWO HUNDRED YARDS FURTHER ON!



GET INTO THE DITCHES ON EACH SIDE OF THE ROAD. WHEN THEY GET HERE WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL. NO SHOOTIN' UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY!

OKAY, CHIEF!

A LITTLE LATER...

WHERE ARE THEY? MAYBE THEY GOT WISE!

SHH! LISTEN! THEY'RE COMIN'!

SUDDENLY THE GLARE OF HEADLIGHTS ILLUMINATES THE DARK ROAD...

WHAT THE...?

DON'T MOVE, ANY OF YDU! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED!

RUN! I'LL FIX THOSE GUYS!...TURN OUT THOSE LIGHTS OR I'LL BLAST THE LOT OF YOU!

LET HIM HAVE IT, BOYS!

YOU DIRTY, ROTTEN... UNHHHHH!

WE GIVE UP! WE GIVE UP!

TAKE THEM BACK TO THE GAR. ONE OF YOU OPEN THAT PACKAGE. IT MIGHT BE LOOT!

RIGHT, CHIEF!

SECONDS LATER...

WHOW! HIGH EXPLDSIVES! IF ONE OF OUR BULLETS HAD EVER HIT THAT?!

YEAH! AND THE RAT KNEW IT! HE DIED HOPING WE'D ALL GO WITH HIM!

SO ENDED THE MURDEROUS CAREER OF LEACH MCCOY. HIS PALS WERE GIVEN LIFE SENTENCES, AND ONE MORE VICTORY WAS CHALKED UP FOR JUSTICE IN THE WAR AGAINST CRIME... -THE END-

# JUANITA PEREZ

## THE GYPSY KILLER!

GYPSY THIEF, EMBEZZLING CLERK, DANCE HALL GIRL, GUN TOTING GANG LOOKOUT, COPE PUSHER, CORRUPT WARD ASSISTANT, UNDERWORLD QUEEN--THE CAREER OF THIS THRILL GRAZED MURDERESS SEEMS INCREDIBLE! BUT THESE WERE ONLY A FEW OF THE NEFARIOUS ACTIVITIES IN WHICH SHE ENGAGED! LIKE ALL CRIMINALS, JUANITA PEREZ HAD HER LIFE ALL MAPPED OUT FOR HER--A LIFE THAT WOULD LEAD HER STRAIGHT TO THE PENITENTIARY AND EVENTUALLY TO--DEATH!

O.K., JUANITA! YOUR  
PALS ARE GONE!  
YOU'D BETTER GIVE  
UP NOW!

NEVER! JUANITA  
NEVER GIVES UP!  
I HAVE ONE  
SHELL LEFT, LIEU-  
TENANT! WHO'S  
GOING TO FIRE  
FIRST?

ON OCT. 3, 1922 IN THE SWAMP LANDS OF  
FLORIDA, WHERE A ROVING TRIBE OF  
GYPSIES HAD SETTLED TEMPORARILY...

YAAAAH! NOW  
YOU WILL DO AS  
I SAY!

SHE WILL BE A  
SPITFIRE SOMEDAY!

SIF SHE IS  
A BAD ONE!

THIS WAS JUANITA PEREZ, THIRTEEN  
YEARS OLD, AND ALREADY THE LEADER  
OF THE TRIBE'S URGHINS. SHE HAD  
GROWN WORLDLY-WISE MUCH TOO SOON!

BUT, QUERIDA--I  
COULD ONLY STEAL  
THESE EARRINGS!

NOT ENOUGH!  
STEAL MORE  
FOR ME!



BY THE TIME SHE WAS SEVENTEEN, JUANITA HAD BECOME AN ACCOMPLISHED PETTY THIEF... MONEY

IS MISSING FROM OUR TENTS. TAKE YOUR THINGS AND GO!

HAH! GLADLY!



JUANITA TOOK A JOB IN AN INDUSTRIAL PLANT IN A LARGE SOUTHERN CITY---

UMM... WHO IS THAT GIRL, HUTCHINS?

I'LL FIND OUT FOR YOU, SIR!



AND SOON, THE BEAUTIFUL GYPSY HAD WHAT SHE WANTED--

YOU'VE TORTURED ME FOR MONTHS! I'LL GIVE ANYTHING... TO WIN YOU!

WITH MONEY, WE COULD GO TO SOUTH AMERICA!



SHE WAS DESTINED TO BE FATAL TO THOSE AROUND HER. THE HARRIED MAN EMBEZZLED THE COMPANY'S FUNDS, AND RUSHED TO HER APARTMENT--

I.. I GOT IT! ALL SET!

YES, HONEY! ALL SET!



WHA--? NO-- UGH-HH!

PLEASANT DREAMS, SUCKER!



SO, JUANITA PEREZ JOURNIED TO NEW ORLEANS, WHERE HER ILL-GOTTEN GAINS SOON VANISHED IN RIOTOUS LIVING...

I NEED A JOB, JACQUES! HOW ABOUT IT?

SURE! WE ALWAYS NEED ANOTHER HOSTESS! HA, HA!



AS A DANCE-HALL HOSTESS JUANITA MET THE OREGS OF SOCIETY... AMONG THEM WAS EO REILLY, A LOCAL HOOD.

YOU CAN BE REAL GLASS, BARY! STICK WITH ME-- AN' GET RICH!

MAYBE I WILL, HONEY...



JUANITA'S MAYBE MEANT YES! THE VIGNON GANG-- A VICIOUS GROUP OF CUT-THROATS, INITIATED HER IN TYPICAL STYLE.



THIS HERE'S YOUR ROO, SUGAR!

I EVEN LIKE THE FEEL OF IT, ED!

THEN, ON JUNE 15, 1942, AT A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE



ALL CLEAR, BOYS!

GOOD! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

JUANITA BECAME THE LOOKOUT FOR THE GANG! ROBBERY FOLLOWED ROBBERY... AND THE GYPSY GIRL BEGAN TO USE HER GUN...



BUT, ON NOVEMBER 14, THE AUTHORITIES CLOSED IN ON MISS PEREZ AND HER FRIENDS.



ALL RIGHT MEN-- LIVELY NOW! COVER ALL EXITS!

YAAA-AAH! COME AN' GET US, COPPERS! PASS ME SOME MORE CLIPS, JUANITA!



SURE, HERE!

THESE CHARACTERS ARE THROUGH! I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE!



HEY--WHERE YA GOING? JUANITA!

SO LONG, ED! IT WAS NICE WHILE IT LASTED! TOO BAD IT HAD TO END UP LIKE THIS!



COME BACK, YA @\*%\*!! YAAAAA-AAH!

I'VE LEARNED A LESSON! I'LL NEVER MAKE ONE PLACE MY HIDEOUT AGAIN...



NEELESS TO SAY, JUANITA ESCAPED! WEEKS LATER SHE ARRIVED IN NEW YORK CITY--PLAYING NOW STRICTLY FOR BIG TIME...

YOUR SUITE IS READY, MISS--?

POLLARD.. JANET POLLARD, THANK YOU!



AND LATER

DA BOSS WANTS TA SEE YUH!

HE WORKS FAST! I TOLD HIM I WAS COMING HERE!



THEY ESCORTED JUANITA TO A SUMPTUOUS LAYOUT...

JUANITA PEREZ! GLAD TO SEE YOU IN TOWN! THINGS ROUGH IN DRILEANS?

NOT ENOUGH TO STOP ME! AND THE NAME'S JANET POLLARD!



SWELL! I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR SOME TIME! NOW ABOUT JOINING MY ORGANIZATION?

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! NO MORE PEANUTS FOR ME! I WANT IN---



JUANITA GOT HER IN--AS ONE OF THE ASSISTANTS IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF DOPE PACKAGES TO FEMALE DOPE "PUSHERS"...

LAST BATCH, GIRLS! SEE THAT WE GET GOOD RETURNS ON IT!

YOU JUST LEAVE IT TO US, DEARIE! HEE, HEE!



SHE BEGAN TO BUILD UP HER OWN DOPE EMPIRE! IN BAR-ROOMS, DANCE-HALLS, COFFEE HOUSES, NIGHT SPOTS-- AND THOSE WHO CROSSED HER ONLY DID IT ONCE

I I DIDN'T TELL THE POLICE! I--- OH-N-H-H!

YOU DIRTY SQUEALER!



YOU WANTED OUT-- BUT YOU CAN NEVER GET AWAY FROM THE WEED HABIT-- IT EATS INTO YOU-- YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE IT! WELL-- YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET IT! YOU'LL SUFFER-- BEFORE THE BOYS TAKE CARE OF YOU! HA, HA...



JUANITA'S INFLUENCE SPREADS LIKE THE UGLY TENTACLES OF AN OCTOPUS! TEMPTING, DEGRADING, MURDERING NEW VICTIMS VIA THE NIGHTMARISH HORROR OF DOPE...



THE SYNDICATE PROMOTED HER! SHE WAS FEARED AND HELD IN HIGH ESTEEM BY THE UNDERWORLD FOR HER BRAINS AND HER RUTHLESS CRUELTY!

B-- BUT NO EXCUSES! BOSS-- EITHER MADDEN PAYS OFF, OR ELSE!



BUT IN A CRACK-DOWN BY POLICE OFFICIALS, THE SYNDICATE WAS BROKEN! SO JANE POLLARD WENT TO THE SEASHORE FOR HER "HEALTH?"

THAT DREADFUL SITUATION IS FINALLY OVER!

THEY SAY THE GUILTY ONES HAVE BEEN ARRESTED!



BUT TONY ARROLA, SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE SYNDICATE, TOOK OVER THE CITY'S RACKETEERS SOON AFTERWARDS--AND WITH HIM WAS--MISS POLLARD!

AW, COME ON, BABY!  
-- HIC--JUS' ONE LITTLE KISS--?

GET AWAY.  
DISGUSTING!



WHY YOU, I'LL--

YOU'LL DO NOTHING!



WHAT HAPPENED?  
IT'S THE BOSS--  
YOU'VE KILLED HIM!

SHUT UP! CALL THE OTHERS--  
AND GET RID OF THIS! I'M TAKING OVER!



AMID DISSENSION, JUANITA QUICKLY PROVED HER CRIMINAL GENIUS. HUGE BETTING AND DOPE SYNDICATES WERE SET UP. SHE BOUGHT CORRUPT GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS. HER GANGS INFILTRATED INTO THE SPORTS RACKETEERS...



SHE ENTERED HIGH SOCIETY AND HAD HERSELF PUBLICIZED AS A "GOOD CITIZEN." SHE DONATED TO CHARITIES FOR NEEDY ORGANIZATIONS...

...SO PLEASE CONTRIBUTE ALL YOU CAN! THANK YOU!

I'VE SEEN HER BEFORE. NO--SHE CAN'T BE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



AMONG THE GUESTS WAS I.R. MCCOY, A LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER FROM NEW ORLEANS. IT WAS PURE CHANCE THAT HE RECOGNIZED JUANITA PEREZ--BUT IN HER APARTMENT THE NEXT DAY...

I CALLED YOU BECAUSE--WHA--?

GET YOUR HANDS UP! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



THE PEDS' HOW? NEVER MIND, HOW? QUICK! BUT THE BACK WAY!



JUANITA PEREZ'S LIEUTENANTS WERE SUBDUED IMMEDIATELY. AND AS FOR THEIR BEAUTIFUL LEADER...

WHY DOESN'T THIS LOAD START UP? COME ON-- COME ON--!



SURRENDER, JUANITA! YOU'RE CORNERED!

I'LL SEE YOU ALL DEAD FIRST, COPPERS!



GRAB HER, MEN! HER MASQUERADING IS OVER!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'M JANE POLLARD! DO YOU HEAR ME? LET ME GO!



STEP QUIETLY, YOU!

AND ON SEPTEMBER 19, 1950, JUANITA PEREZ WAITED FOR THE SENTENCE THAT WAS TO DOOM HER FOREVER TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT--THUS ENDING THE CAREER OF THE GYPSY KILLER--ANOTHER AMBITIOUS, WOULD-BE FEMALE GAPONI!



END

• 8" x 10" •

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ADDRESS

CITY  STATE

ZIP

RUSH SERVICE  
FIRST CLASS - 25c EXTRA  
AIR MAIL - 50c EXTRA

# Waxie Gordon!

PICKPOCKET, PETTY THIEF, HOODLUM, HE BEGAN LIFE AS PLAIN IRVING WEXLER... BUT UNDER HIS NEW NAME, "WAXIE" GORDON ROSE, LIKE AN EVIL COMET TO BECOME KING OF THE NEW YORK UNDERWORLD! THERE SEEMED NO LIMIT TO HIS GREEDY AMBITIONS, UNTIL HE, TOO--LIKE CHICAGO'S AL CAPONE--RAN AFOL OF THE SAME TEAM OF STRAIGHT-SHOOTING T-MEN!

IT'LL GO A LOT EASIER WITH YOU IF YOU COME OUT NOW... THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE WAXIE!

YEAH? TRY AN TAKE ME YOU DUMB BULLS!



IN CHICAGO, THE FEDERAL JUDGE HAD JUST FINISHED SENTENCING CAPONE, THE GANG LORD WHO LAUGHED AT THE LAW! OUTSIDE...

HOW ABOUT A STATEMENT FOR MY PAPER? WHAT ARE YOU T-MEN GOING AFTER NEXT, THE NEW YORK MOB?

RIGHT! TELL YOUR READERS WE'RE LEAVING FOR NEW YORK, TONIGHT!



RULE OF THE NEW YORK UNDERWORLD WAS DIVIDED BETWEEN MOB BARONS, DUTCH SCHULTZ AND WAXIE GORDON. EACH MADE MILLIONS IN BOOTLEG BEER, EACH RULED LIKE A KILL-CRAZY CZAR--AND NO ONE KNEW WHO WAS BIGGER...

G'WAN! THE DUTCHMAN'S JEANUTS COMPARED TO MY BOSS WAXIE.

YOU'LL SWALLOW THAT CRACK FLAVORED WITH LEAD HIS- MOUTH!

GUT IT! WHAT'RE YA PROVING? WAXIE, DUTCH, THEY'RE BOTH BIG! DROP THE HEATERS!



IT'S BAD, JOE! BAD! DUTCH  
VERSUS WAKIE. THE MOB BOYS  
ARE GETTIN' JUMPY! IT CAN'T  
KEEP ON THIS WAY! THERE'S  
MORE THAN BEER BREWIN' IN  
THE RACKETS. TROUBLE'S  
BREWIN'!



TRouble WAS BREWIN'! SUO-  
CENLY IT CAME TO A HEAD.

WHAT IN 'N H-  
JACKERS! DUTCH  
SCHULTZ'S MOB!  
STEP ON IT!

POUR IT INTO  
WAKIE'S WEASELS.  
THIS IS ONE LOAD  
WAKIE WON'T SELL!



ZIGZAG! THEY'RE  
FIGURING TO CUT  
US OFF!

WATCH THEM  
FALLIN' BARRELS  
NOW GIVE 'ER THE  
INK-- PASS.



I I CAN'T KEEP  
AHEAD. AHHHH!

TAKE IT, JERKS. COMPLI-  
MENTS OF DUTCH SCHULTZ!



IN WAKIE'S SWANK TIMES SQUARE OFFICE, SOON  
AFTER

THE DUTCHMAN'S  
BOY'S. THEY JUST  
HI-JACKED A  
WHOLE LOAD.  
WAKIE!

SO SCHULTZ'S IS ON  
THE MUSCLE! HMM  
WE WON'T TAKE THIS  
GALL IN THE BOYS  
AND... EH?

SSH! TWO  
FEDS. BOSS  
--WAITING  
OUTSIDE!  
THEY WON'T  
GO AWAY!



THE (GULP)... F. FEDS?  
OH MIGAWSH, WHAT'LL  
WE DO?

DO ASK THEM IN!  
WE CAN'T KEEP UNGLE  
SAM WAITING!



GORDON, YOU'RE  
MAKING MILLIONS! NOW  
COME YOU'VE PAID LESS  
THAN \$100 IN TAXES IN  
THE LAST THREE  
YEARS?

LOOK, BOYS! I KEEP NO BOOKS  
AND I NEVER SIGNED A CHECK  
IN MY LIFE! WHEN YOU GET  
FIGURES TOGETHER THAT PROVE  
SOMETHING, COME BACK! I'LL  
BE GLAD TO TALK TO YOU.



AFTER THE T-MEN LEAVE.

YOU PUT ON A GREAT ACT, WAXIE, BUT THOSE SAME FEDS JUST PUT CAPONE AWAY! HE DIDN'T SIGN NOthin, NEITHER! WE GOTTA...

OOOF!

GREAT ACT?

WHY YOU YELLOW BELLIED SAP, I'M NOT SCARED! GET THE BOYS! I'M GOING AFTER DUTCH SCHULTZ!

LATER...

WE'LL TEACH THAT CRAZY DUTCHMAN HE DON'T RUN THIS TOWN! HI-JACK ALL HIS TRUCKS! IF THEY FIGHT, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

YUN HEARD THE BOSS, BOYS. BREEZE!

AN HOUR LATER, OUTSIDE SCHULTZ'S MANHATTAN BREWERY

FOLLOW THOSE TRUCKS! WE'LL TAKE HIS WHOLE CONVOY, OVER BY THE RIVER!

HOLY! WAXIE'S MOB! I...YAA!

GIVE IT TO THE PUNKS!

RAT  
TAT  
TAT!

WATCH IT! HI-JACKERS...OH!

REGARDS TO THE DUTCHMAN!

RAT A  
TAT-TAT!

TRUCK AFTER TRUCK OF DUTCH SCHULTZ WAS TAKEN ALL OVER THE CITY, THAT DAY!

LOOK OUT! BACK UP--IT'S A TRAP!

TOO LATE! I...

THAT NIGHT, IN THE HOBOKEN BREWERY'S GARAGE...

THIS MAKES FORTY TRUCKS WE JACKED TODAY, WAXIE.

GOOD WORK, BOYS! THIS OUGHT TO TEACH SCHULTZ TO STAY HOME IN THE BRONX.

AND WHEN THE NEWS REACHED SCHULTZ? WHAT? YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR MIND! WHAT DO YA MEAN COMIN' IN HERE, TELLIN' ME STUFF LIKE THAT! WHY, I'LL



GET ME LONG DISTANCE! CHICAGO! I'LL SHDW THAT RAT! I'LL BRING IN A HUNDRED CHI TORPEDOS! TWO HUNDRED! I'LL WIPE WAXIE GORDON DOWN TO A SNEAR!



WHILE IN THE FEDERAL BUILDING, ISN'T IT? HERE WE SIT, FIGURING FIGURING TO BUILD A CASE, WHILE WAXIE KEEPS RIGHT ON GROWING BIGGER!



SEVEN DAYS LATER, ON APRIL 12TH, IN AN ELIZABETH, N.J. HOTEL. WHO KNOCKED? EEEYAH!



REGARDS FROM DUTCH, MAX! NOW FOR WAXIE, WE KNOW HE'S INSIDE!

I. I'M DONE FOR, WAXIE! LA MIT! I I'LL HOLD THEM... OHN!



KICK HIM LOOSE! SMACK HIM OFF THAT DOOR! WAXIE'S GETTING AWAY!



AN HOUR LATER. IMPORT OUT OF TOWN TRIGGERS TO GET ME, WILL HE? TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME! I'LL BRING IN MURRAY MOLL FROM ST. LOUIS!



PERFECT, WAXIE! MOLL'S THE TOP TORPEDO IN THE COUNTRY TODAY!

AND WHEN THE ACE GANGLAND EXECUTIONER, MURRAY MOLL, ARRIVED... YOU WANT SCHULTZ, WAXIE? UMM... YOU KNOW THAT CRAZY DUTCHMAN'S CHICKEN! I'LL HAVE TO BLAST THROUGH HIS BODYGUARDS! THIS'LL COME HIGH, WAXIE...



HOW'S TWO GEE'S IN ADVANCE, MURRY? NAIL HIM, AND I'LL DOUBLE THAT!







BUT AS THE T-MEN  
STALK CLOSER

OOF! THAT  
DIDIT! I  
MADE  
ENOUGH  
NOISE TO  
WAKE UP  
THE DEAD...

QUIET!  
LOOK AT  
THE HOUSE  
NOW! DARK,  
EVERY  
LIGHT  
SNAPPED  
OUT!



HONEST PEOPLE  
MAY STAY UP LATE,  
BUT THEY DON'T  
DOUSE THEIR  
LIGHTS WHEN  
THEY HEAR A  
NOISE! LET'S  
GET IN CLOSER!



LOOK OUT!  
THEY'VE  
OPENED FIRE!  
GIVE IT TO  
THEM!

I'LL CUT  
OFF THEIR  
ESCAPE,  
AROUND  
IN BACK!

WE'RE TREASURY AGENTS,  
WAXIE! DROP YOUR  
GUNS! COME OUT PEACE-  
FULLY! YOU HAVEN'T  
A CHANCE!



BLAST  
THEM!

THEY'VE CUT US OFF  
FROM THE SPEED-  
BOAT! MUST BE A  
DOZEN OF THEM!

MAKE THEM EARN THEIR  
PAY! YOU HEARD WAXIE'S  
ORDERS! WE DON'T  
SELL OURSELVES OUT  
CHEAP!



BUT HOODLUM BRAGGADACIO SOON WILTED IN  
THE FACE OF THE DEADLY T-MEN'S FIRE

THEY GOT ME,  
WAXIE... AYAHN

W. WHAT'LL I DO, WHAT'LL I  
DO? HELP ME, BOYS... HELP  
ME! EVERYBODY'S AGAINST  
ME!



ONLY TWO OF MY BOYS  
LEFT! T. THEY'RE RIGHT!  
I...I HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

WE'RE COMING  
IN, WAXIE!



DON'T SHOOT! I AIN'T WAXIE GORDON!  
I'M WILLIAM PALINSKI... IN THE TOBACCO  
BUSINESS! THEN'S MY FRIENDS,  
JOSEPH BLOOM AND HERMAN  
PETERS!

FINE! WE'RE  
TAKING YOU  
AND YOUR  
FRIENDS TO  
JAIL! 'CUFF  
THEM, BILL!



BUT I TELL YOU I'M PALIN-SKI, AND...

LOOK, WAXIE, YOU OUGHTN'T TO KEEP SAYING YOU'RE PALINSKI AND WALK AROUND IN SILK SHIRTS WITH I W. EMBROIDERED ON THEM! I W MEANS IRVING WEXLER, YOUR LEGAL NAME, WAXIE!

AND YOUR FRIENDS MR HERMAN PETERS IS MYNIE PINKUS WHO USED TO PICK POCKETS WITH YOU BEFORE YOU GOT TO BE A BIGSHOT, WAXIE! AND JOSEPH BLOOM IS GOOD OLD 'FLEA-BAG JOE' AARONT, WANTED IN NEW YORK! KEEP MOVING!



LISTEN, YOU TREASURY GUYS CAN'T PROVE NOTHING AGAINST ME! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE THEM INCOME TAX CHARGES STICK! I GOT BIG LAWYERS, BIG DOUGH, SEE?

GETTING GOKKY AGAIN, WAXIE, NOW THAT YOU'RE SAFE FROM OUTCH SCHULTZ? YOU'LL NEED YOUR MOUTHPIECES WHEN WE GET YOU INTO COURT!



BAIL FOR WAXIE GORDON WAS SET AT \$75,000. AND ON NOV 20, 1933, THE TRIAL BEGAN--DISTRICT ATTORNEY THOMAS E. DEWEY PROSECUTING!

YOUR HONOR, I CHARGE IRVING WEXLER, ALIAS WAXIE GORDON, WITH CHEATING THE GOVERNMENT OF OVER ONE HALF MILLION DOLLARS IN TAXES FOR 1930 AND 1931! WEXLER, TAKE THE STAND!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, TRYING ME! HUH? THE STAND...? ME?

TAKE THE STAND, BIGSHOT!



WAXIE ADMITTED HE HAD BEEN A SOMEWHAT WAYWARD CHILD, BUT IN 1916 HE CLAIMED HE HAD TURNED HONEST! HE'D PAID ALL HIS TAXES, HE INSISTED--IN FACT, HE CLAIMED HE'D ALWAYS OVERPAID!

YOU TURNED HONEST IN 1916? HERE IS THE LIST OF YOUR EXPENSES SINCE THEN, GIVEN ME BY TREASURY AGENTS! IT PROVES YOU LIVED LIKE A KING, WEXLER! EXPLAIN THAT TO THE COURT!

WHY, I... I WON \$100,000 ON THE HORSES IN 1910!



HERE IS THE POLICE RECORD FOR 1910, WEXLER! PERHAPS YOU CAN EXPLAIN WHY YOU BOTHERED TO PICK POCKETS FOR QUARTERS WHEN YOU HAD \$100,000 IN CASH! EXPLAIN THAT IF YOU CAN, WEXLER!



IT TOOK THE JURY ONLY 40 MINUTES TO FIND WAXIE GORDON GUILTY ON ALL COUNTS. THAT DAY IN LATE 1933!

I SENTENCE YOU TO TEN YEARS IN PRISON, PLUS A \$20,000 FINE, PLUS ALL COURT COSTS! TAKE THIS MAN AWAY!



WAXIE SERVED THE TIME, LESS GOOD BEHAVIOR, AND RETURNED IN 1941 CLAIMING HE WAS A CHANGED MAN, AN HONEST MAN! BUT...

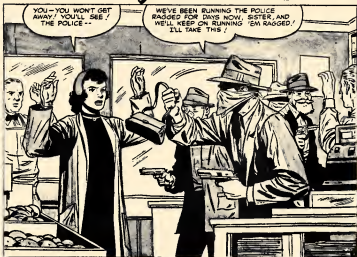
WAXIE GORDON? F.B.I.! I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR OVERTING 30,000 POUNDS OF WARTIME SUGAR TO THE BLACK-MARKET! COME ALONG!

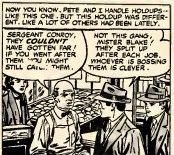


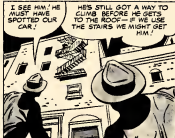
THUS ENDED THE CAREER OF ANOTHER MOB BARON WHO, LIKE CAPORE, "LAUGHED AT THE LAW"! AND ALTHOUGH OUTCH SCHULTZ WAS NUMBER 3 ON THE T-MEN'S LIST, A GANGLAND ASSASSIN'S BULLET ENDED HIS CAREER BEFORE THE FEARLESS TREASURY AGENTS COULD BRING HIM BEFORE JUDGE AND JURY! --END--

SOMETHING ABOUT THIS CASE WAS PUZZLING AND I FELT THE ANSWER WAS RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME. BUT UNTIL I FOUND THAT ANSWER, I COULD NEVER SMASH THE GANG WE POLICE CALLED ...

# The MASQUERADERS







IT DIDN'T ADD UP, SOMETHING ABOUT THIS CASE BOTHERED ME. AS IF I'D OVERLOOKED SOMETHING. BUT IN THE MEANTIME, I HAD EVERY SUPERMARKET IN TOWN STAKED OUT AND IT PAID OFF.

DAN! LOOK! HEADQUARTERS WAS RIGHT! THE MOB DID HIT ANOTHER MARKET...



THEY'VE SPOTTED US! THEY'RE TAKING OFF!

YEAH! ONLY THIS TIME THERE WON'T BE ANY CLEAN GETAWAY 'CAUSE WE'RE STAYING RIGHT WITH THEM!



WE'VE GOT 'EM! THEIR DRIVER MUST HAVE GOTTEN RATTLED! THAT'S A BLIND ALLEY HE'S TURNING INTO!



AT THE END IT WAS SIMPLE. A BLIND ALLEY—AND TWO COPS. THAT WAS ALL IT TOOK...

COME OUT! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!

ALL—ALL RIGHT! WE—WE'RE COMING! DON'T SHOOT!



WE GOT THE MOB, ONLY—WE DIDN'T GET THE MAN WE WERE AFTER!

SMALL FRY! EVERY ONE OF THEM! JUST A BUNCH OF CHEAP HOODLUMS. WHOEVER THE BOSS IS—HE GOT AWAY!

EITHER THAT, OR HE WAS TOO SMART TO GO ALONG ON THIS JOB. IF HE'S ONE OF THE PEOPLE AT THE BOARDING HOUSE HE KNOWS WE'RE WATCHING IT!



I KNOW THE MAN WE WANT IS LIVING IN THAT BOARDING HOUSE, BUT SOMETHING KEEPS BOTHERING ME—SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T FIT! ONLY—WHAT?



WHAT? THAT WAS THE QUESTION. WE WENT BACK, WE SEARCHED AGAIN, WE ASKED QUESTIONS...

SERGEANT, YOU'VE BEEN GOING OVER AND OVER THE SAME THINGS! YOU MUST SEE THAT NONE OF US IS GUILTY!

I SEE NOTHING OF THE KIND! SOMEONE DROPPED THAT HANDKERCHIEF! SOMEONE PLANTED THAT GUN IN DAVIS' ROOM!



TWO WEEKS, THREE, AND I WAS JUST ABOUT LICKED. BUT—IT'S A FUNNY THING ABOUT BEING RIGHT. SOONER OR LATER, YOU KNOW IT.

PETE, I'M JUST ABOUT LICKED. WE KNOW THAT ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WAS THE HEAD OF THE MASQUERADE MOB, BUT WHICH ONE? IF I COULD ONLY FIGURE OUT WHAT KEEPS BOTHERING ME...



KEEP THINKING ABOUT IT, FRANK, AND YOU'LL BLOW A FUSE! MAYBE IT'S ALL JUST IN YOUR IMAGINATION.

MAYBE, I'M BEGINNING TO THINK SO MYSELF! IF THERE IS ANYTHING, I CAN'T THINK OF IT...



OR—CAN I! PETE—I THINK I'VE GOT IT! I THINK I KNOW WHO WE'RE AFTER!



AT THE POLICE ACADEMY THEY TEACH YOU TO THINK AND I HADN'T BEEN THINKING—BUT NOW I WAS, PETE AND I DROVE DOWNTOWN!

YOU'RE ACCUSING ME? WHY—I CAN'T EVEN WALK! YOU CAN CALL MY DOCTOR!

YOUR DOCTOR VERIFIED YOUR STORY. HE DOES HAVE A PATIENT NAMED ALEX FIELDS—WHO CAN'T LEAVE HIS WHEELCHAIR.



ONLY YOU'RE NOT THAT PATIENT! YOU JUST BORROWED HIS NAME, DIDN'T YOU? SO THAT IF WE EVER CHECKED, YOU'D HAVE A PERFECT ALIB!

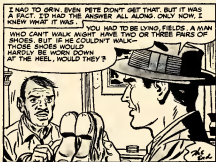


YOU PLANTED YOUR GUN IN DAVIS' ROOM SO WE WOULDN'T FIND IT ON YOU! ONLY—WE SPOKE TO THE REAL ALEX FIELDS TODAY! WE KNOW YOU'RE A FAKE!

YOU—KNOW?







# DEATH-- in the Air!

The plane was a light Piper Cub, spotless and trim in a new coat of gleaming aluminum paint. The young man walked around it with a swagger, oar-rowing his cold brown eyes as he shooed away some youngsters who were clustering around the aircraft. The young flyer had buzzed over the little Massachusetts town until not a citizen of Dutton was unaware that an airplane was in the vicinity. Then he had bounced his light craft to a landing in one of the meadows on the outskirts of town.

Now he looked with a sort of secretive amusement at the little knot of excited townspeople who came to investigate.

"I'll take anyone here up for a dollar. One dollar gives you a loog, long tide. Whaddya say—who's goin' up?"

Hesitantly a 'teen-aged boy dug into his jeans and came up with a crumpled dollar bill. Then another boy stepped forward. And then a man. The aviator laughed in a superior manner.

"Take it easy," he said. "I've got all day. You'll all have a chance to go up." He and the young boy climbed into the small cabin and the New England quiet was split by the shattering cough of the warming-up aircraft.

As the trim ship left the earth and buzzed off through the sun-drenched air, fate

caused Archibald Erikson, commander of the local Civil Air patrol, to drive up in his car and stop to see what the excitement was all about. Erikson was on his way to a nearby pond, intending to do some fishing. But when the plane nosed down once more to discharge its passenger and take on another, Erikson's eyes opened wide in surprise. He pulled out of his inside pocket a little card with a series of numbers on it, and swore softly to himself. The numbers on the card checked exactly with the registration numbers on the plane's wing! This was a plane which three days earlier had been stolen from a private field near Portland, Maine! Erikson hurried off in his car. When he returned it was with the sheriff and three deputies. The plane thief readily gave himself up and admitted his crime. He gave his name as Raymond Forman, showing no sign of resentment as he was booked in the Dutton jailhouse on theft charges.



But by the next morning Dutton police were in no mood to remember his good manners. For during the night Forman had sawed through the bars of his cell window and escaped!

Nothing more was heard about the law-breaking airman until eight days later. At the small air field outside of Silver Point, Connecticut, Joe Sumner was talking with his friend and flying-school partner Herman Kramer, when a stranger walked up to them and asked Sumner to take him up for a lesson.

Their ship, a new biplane, was ready and waiting. Sumner and the stranger got in and went aloft. Sumner was an old hand at aviation instruction.

Back at the field, Kramer began to worry when three hours had passed and his partner had not returned. He notified the authorities, fearing that perhaps Sumner had crashed somewhere and was in need of help. A general alarm was spread, along with a description of the ship.

Late that afternoon the proprietor of a small field outside of Glen Falls, N. Y., was astounded to see the hunted ship drop onto his field and taxi toward the hangar from which he observed it. But even as it rolled toward him he was calling the police. When the pilot got out and asked whether he could buy some gas, the airfield owner agreed to sell him the fuel, and slowly started to service the plane. Five minutes later the police arrived and arrested Raymond Forman.

Inside the plane, the back of his head blown off, was the body of Joseph Sumner!

As before, Forman made no fuss. But this time he did not get away. On August 11, 1946, he was sentenced to life imprisonment.

He will neither fly nor kill again!

# EASY MONEY

NOBODY RUNS TO THE COPS! NOT ON JEFF HAMILTON. THEY DON'T!

EVERY KILLER AND THIEF THINKS HE'S HIT UPON THE ONE SURE THING AND FEELS POSITIVE HE'LL BE ABLE TO OUTWIT THE LAW! JEFF HAMILTON THOUGHT SO, AND FORGOT THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO EVERY STORY... AND THAT THE SIDE OF THE LAW IS THE STRONGER! A DOUBLE-CROSS CAUSED BY GREED BROUGHT ABOUT THE EVENTUAL DOWNFALL OF THIS MURDERER... A MAN WHO LOOKED FOR *EASY MONEY!*



ON AN EARLY AFTERNOON IN 1946, A LARGE MID-WESTERN CITY WAS DISTURBED BY THE SUDDEN SOUND OF GUNFIRE ...

HURRY, JEFF! THE COPS'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

I JUST WANT TO SHUT THIS BUY UP!

STOP! STOP! OWWW!



NOBODY'S FOLLOWIN' US! IT'S A CLEAN GETAWAY!

YEAH... AN' WE GOT FIFTY THOUSAND IN NICE, NEW BILLS!



BUT THE "NICE, NEW BILLS" WERE A PROBLEM TO JEFF HAMILTON. WORD WENT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE THAT THE POLICE HAD THE SERIAL NUMBERS...

THREE DAYS HOLED UP WITH FIFTY GRAND IN HOT MONEY... AND WE'RE BROKE! WHAT'LL WE DO?

HOLO ON, REO! I JUST GOT A BRAINSTORM...

THESE GUYS WHO ADVERTISE THEY WANT TO INVEST MONEY! THEY MIGHT BE THE OUT WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR...

SOUNDS NUTTY TO ME!



JEFF CONTACTED PERSON AFTER PERSON WHO HAD PLACED ADS IN THE PAPER...

WE OUSHTA GIVE UP, JEFF! WHAT KIND OF DEAL DO YOU THINK YOU COULD MAKE, ANYWAY?

LET ME OD THE THINKIN' THIS JEREMIAH BLANCHARD SAID HE'S GOT TWENTY GRAND TO INVEST! I MIGHT HAVE JUST THE PROPOSITION HE WANTS!



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK ANYONE'S GONNA PAY TWENTY GRAND FOR EVEN FIFTY GRANOE IN HOT MONEY?

WHAT IF I DON'T TELL HIM IT'S HOT?



THIS TIME JEFF SEEMED IN LUCK! JEREMIAH BLANCHARD WAS LOOKING FOR EASY MONEY, TOO...

SO YOU DON'T CARE WHAT KIND OF INVESTMENT YOU MAKE...

THAT'S RIGHT. MAKE ME A FAST BUCK AND I WON'T ASK QUESTIONS!



OKAY...HERE'S THE DEAL! I CAN GET YOU FIFTY GRAND WORTH OF PERFECT MONEY. A CINCINCH TO PASS ANYWHERE IN THE COUNTRY!

COUNTERFEIT! I DON'T LIKE TO FOOL WITH THE FBI!



IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL...OKAY! BUT, REMEMBER... YOU'RE PASSING UP A CHANCE TO BUY FIFTY THOUSAND BUCKS FOR ONLY TWENTY THOUSAND!

I'LL DO IT! SEND THE MONEY OVER TOMORROW!







REAL SCARED, EH? THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA. MAYBE, WE CAN GET THAT FIFTY GRAND BACK AGAIN!

HOW'RE YOU GONNA DO THAT?



BLANCHARD NEVER SAW YOU... SO, YOU GO DOWN TO THE RAILROAD STATION, AND DO LIKE I TELL YA!



JEFF KNEW BLANCHARD WAS LEAVING ON A LATE TRAIN THAT EVENING...HIS PLAN WAS CLEVER...

THERE'S THE PIGEON, NOW!



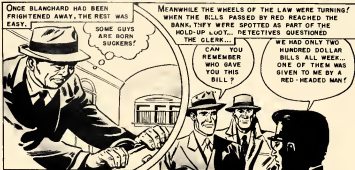
JEREMIAH BLANCHARD, YOU'LL HAVE TO COME WITH ME...F.B.I.!

P-POLICE? N-NO...



NO POLICE ARE GETTING ME!

WAIT!



ONCE BLANCHARD HAD BEEN FRIGHTENED AWAY, THE REST WAS EASY.

SOME GUYS ARE BORN SUCKERS!

MEANWHILE THE WHEELS OF THE LAW WERE TURNING! WHEN THE BILLS PASSED BY RED REACHED THE BANK, THEY WERE SPOTTED AS PART OF THE HOLD-UP LOOT... DETECTIVES QUESTIONED THE CLERK...

CAN YOU REMEMBER WHO GAVE YOU THIS BILL?

WE HAD ONLY TWO HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS ALL WEEK... ONE OF THEM WAS GIVEN TO ME BY A RED-HEADED MAN!



THEY OUGHT TO GIVE THOSE CLERKS A MEMORY-TRAINING COURSE!

AT LEAST WE KNOW HE'S RED-HEADED. ALL WE CAN DO IS KEEP TRYING...



LATER THAT NIGHT, JEFF HAMILTON WAS ENJOYING THE SUCCESS OF HIS DOUBLE-CROSS...

SEE WHO'S THERE, RED!

OKAY, BOSS!

KNOCK!  
KNOCK!



BLANCHARD, WHAT ARE YOU...?

I CAME TO WARN YOU ABOUT THE FBI! THEY'RE ON MY TRAIL!



THEN... FOR THE FIRST TIME... BLANCHARD NOTICED FATS...

WH- WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU'RE NO F.B.I. MAN! IT WAS ALL A TRICK!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?



I WANT MY MONEY BACK... OR I'LL GO TO THE POLICE! UGH...

YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, SMART GUY!

BANG!



KILLING BLANCHARD WAS A MISTAKE. THE BODY WAS THROWN INTO THE RIVER... AND FISHED OUT BY THE POLICE A FEW HOURS LATER...

THIS IS OUR BREAK! THIS STIFF HAD THREE OF THE STOLEN BILLS IN HIS POCKET!

AND A RECEIPTED BILL FROM THE AVALON HOTEL... MADE OUT TO JEREMIAH BLANCHARD! LET'S HEAD OVER THERE!



... IN THE LOBBY OF THE AVALON HOTEL...

YES... MR. BLANCHARD HAD VISITORS. I REMEMBER THEM QUITE WELL.

CAN YOU DESCRIBE THEM TO US ?



AND...

THE RED-HEAD AGAIN ?

AND DO YOU REALIZE WHO THE OTHER VISITOR WAS... ? IT WAS JEFF HAMILTON !



YES, CHIEF. JEFF HAMILTON AND RED-HEADED SIDE KICK... PUT A WATCH ON ALL RAILROAD STATIONS AND AIRPORTS...



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

THIS TIME WE'RE GOIN' OUT OF TOWN IN STYLE ! SEVENTY THOUSAND BUCKS...

IT'S A SOFT LIFE, JEFF...



SUDDENLY...

HAMILTON ! WE WANT TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOU ?

LET'S HAVE THOSE BAGS !

GOPES ! MAKE A BREAK !



YOU'RE NOT GETTIN'... OHH !

GOT HIM !

JEFF HAMILTON'S FINISH WAS WHAT HE SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED...THE WRONG END OF A BULLET...

D-DON'T SHOOT !

OKAY.. BIG SHOT, COME ALONG QUIETLY...

WHEN WILL THESE GUYS EVER LEARN THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT !!



# habit traps a killer!

The loud bark of his dog brought Jack Thompson to the door of the hungalow he owned. It was night and all was dark at that late hour. Unwilling to awaken his wife and children by switching on the electric light, Jack had removed a flashlight from a desk drawer on his way to investigate the howls of the hound.

"What's the matter with that dog," he muttered under his breath as he unfastened the latch of the screen door, pushed the door open, and stepped outside. A flick of his thumb brought the flashlight into play, illuminating the back yard, where Thompson had chained the dog before retiring for the night.

A gun shot rang out, then another and finally a third. Thompson slumped to the ground. He never learned what made his dog howl. The flash of his hand torch had turned him into a perfect target for a killer then unknown.

The blast of gunfire brought the terrified and trembling Mrs. Thompson out of her slumbers. She hastened to the scene of her husband's sudden demise. Moments later, neighbors responded to her silence-piercing cries. The first of these to assemble summoned a doctor, who lost little time before announcing his findings.

"Thompson died instantly," he declared. "Three shots pierced vital parts of his body - one, his neck, severing the jugular vein; another entered his left temple, and the third lodged above the right ear. There is scant doubt any of these shots could have been fatal."

The local coroner confirmed the doctor's statement.

There was, however, the question of who had killed Jack Thompson - who, and why?

This proved a problem that perplexed Chief of Police Wilson and his associates for a time - but not for long.

The solution was simple; astonishingly so. And it revealed what experts in crime often aver - that "Habits Trap Killers."

Study the habits of killers and you'll

find the killers themselves, they maintain.

Chief Wilson, scanning the scene of the crime some hours after the dastardly deed had been perpetrated, suddenly frowned. He bent over, picked up a bit of wood between forefinger and thumb, examined it closely and pondered a moment or two. Then he stooped again, repeating his previous actions, but this time picking up more short wooden sticks than he had the first time. These he transferred from the fingers of his right hand to the palm of his left hand before speaking.

"Boys," he exclaimed. "I might have something here. Match sticks, chewed up and broken. Could it be that Thompson's killer dropped them?"

It was still just a shot in the dark - a mere guess. Perhaps the matches offered a clue. Then again, perhaps they meant nothing. They could have been tossed aside by anybody, not alone the wanted killer.

That persons without criminal intent also chew on and break match sticks, Chief Wilson was well aware. He didn't put too much faith in the alibis of wood as an aid to the solution of this crime; he just hoped they would serve some useful purpose.

Then, too, he was troubled as to the reason for the killing. No motive had yet been advanced, nor had one suggested itself. Was it a case of ordinary robbery exploding into murder so that the would-be thief could escape detection? Was it an act of revenge - retaliation for some harm Thompson might have done to another?

The questions Chief Wilson asked himself set him to thinking.

But robbery was ruled out when an investigation revealed Jack Thompson owned little of real value, outside of his house. He worked hard for a small salary, not much of which remained in his possession after the weekly bills were settled.

As for revenge, that, too, seemed a rather

farfetched motive. Thompson, a poll of neighbors brought to light, had been well liked. None knew of a single enemy of the slain man; all had a kind word for him. Nor could anybody advance a reason of any sort why harm should have come to him in the fashion it did.

Perhaps it was a case of mistaken identity, mused Chief Wilson as he returned to the Thompson hangout after making the rounds in search of possible clues. Returning to his destination, he switched off the ignition and stepped out of his car. As he closed the door, his attention fell on one person in the gathering before the Thompson home who appeared somewhat more curious than the others. Inquiry revealed this man to be Tom Snow, a firm friend of the deceased. Or so it was commonly believed.

"Snow," said Wilson after some introductory remarks, "I wonder if you have any idea who might have killed Thompson. I understand you and he were good friends. Do you know anyone who had reason to kill him?"

"Not a person in the world," replied Snow. "Jack was one of my best friends. If anybody had anything against him, I didn't know it."

"Thanks," said Chief Wilson, the questioning seemingly ended.

Yet the Chief of Police was not convinced of Snow's sincerity.

Entering the Thompson home, he referred to the interview in a conversation with Detective Walker, commenting about a reply made by Snow which had not quite satisfied him.

Walker thought Snow could stand further questioning. A glance through a window revealed to him that Tom Snow was still in front of the house. Walker opened the door and beckoned to him. The latter responded.

"Snow," said the detective. "Do you mind coming over to the station house for a few moments? You knew Jack Thompson so well, you may be able to give us more information about him than anyone else. Won't take long."

Snow accompanied Detective Walker to the latter's office.

They talked and smoked for a half-hour. The discussion finished, Snow took

his leave. Detective Walker could hardly wait for the former to get out of sight before phoning Chief Wilson.

"Chief," he stated. "Get over to the station house as soon as you can. I've got something to show you."

About 15 minutes elapsed before Chief Wilson arrived. As he entered, Detective Walker greeted him with a stretched out hand.

"Look here," he said quietly, extending in the Chief's direction an ash tray heaped with broken and chewed match sticks.

"Tom Snow did this while we were talking," Walter explained. "Didn't do too much smoking, but look at all the match sticks he chewed and twisted up."

The plot was thickening. But still there was not enough evidence for an indictment, much less a conviction.

But in the next few weeks, matters jelled. Chief Wilson and Detective Walker had an air tight case. They presented it to the grand jury. And an indictment was brought in.

Tom Snow went on trial for the murder of Jack Thompson.

The motive: Thompson had threatened Snow with a beating if he repeated in trying to force his attentions on the attractive Mrs. Thompson.

Somehow, either because of her grief or because she feared it would bring shame to her, Mrs. Thompson had failed to relate this important evidence to the police at the time of her husband's death. But she spoke freely during the trial.

Brought to light, too, was the fact that Snow had borrowed a shotgun — "for some hunting," he had said — on the very day Jack Thompson was shot. This proved to be the death weapon.

But none of this overwhelming evidence could have been produced if not for the suspicion aroused by the finding of chewed and broken matches, a clue discovered by Chief Wilson and pursued by Detective Walker, both of whom were aware of the value of habit study in crime detection. In this case, it led to a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree for Tom Snow, who was sentenced to the full penalty of the law.

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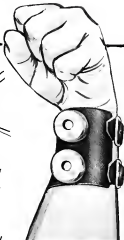
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